

MAMMA'S  
PICTURES,

OR

*THE HISTORY*

OF

FANNY AND MARY.

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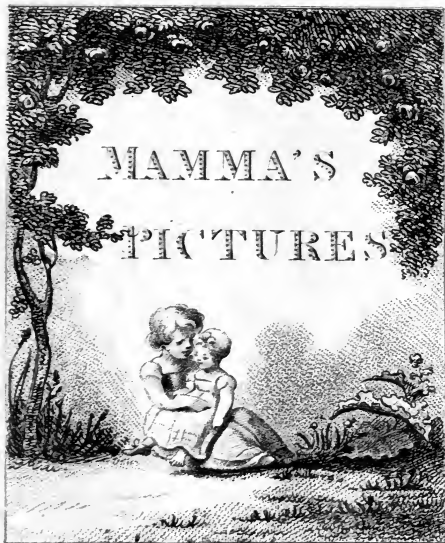
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*FRONTISPIECE.*



MAMMA'S  
P I C T U R E S,

OR

*THE HISTORY*

OF

FANNY AND MARY.

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*THE THIRD EDITION.*

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1818.

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**Gracechurch-street, London.**

## MAMMA'S PICTURES.

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**F**ANNY and Mary were two little sisters; Fanny was four years old, but Mary was only two years old. They were very fond of each other, and they loved their papa and mamma dearly; so they tried to be good, because they knew that was the way to make their papa and mamma happy. When they forgot to be good, their poor mamma had the trouble of correcting them, and she was always as sorry to punish them, as they were to be punished. But as they tried to get the better of their faults, and were in general very pleasant children, it is thought that some other little girls may like to hear their

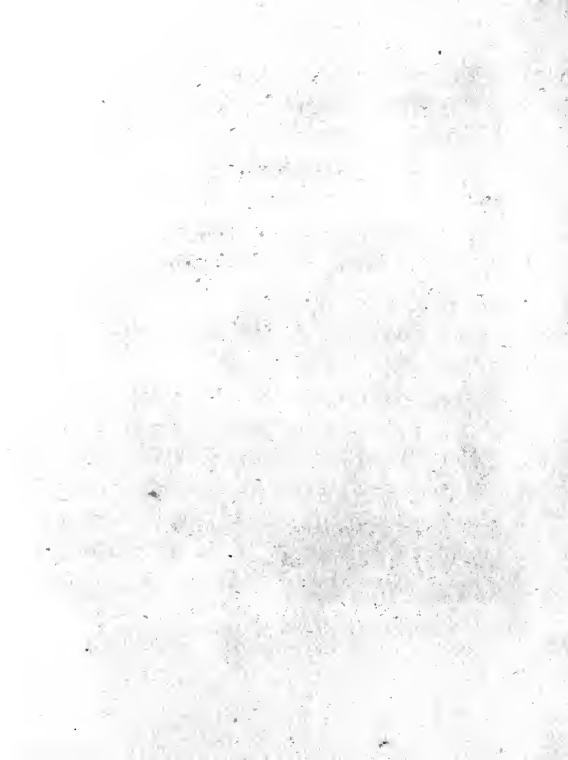
history, and to see some pictures which their mamma drew of them.

When their nurse called them in the morning, if they jumped up directly, and stood still to be washed and combed, they had the pleasure of sitting up at the table at their mamma's breakfast, and she gave them some milk and water, and some bread and jam.

Once, however, Fanny forgot to be good while she was dressed, and she twisted about, nodding her head up and down all the time her hair was combed; then she cried because the comb scratched her: so at last, her nurse said, "I tell you what, Miss Fanny, I will not comb or wash you at all, since you behave in this manner; for I only do it for your good, and you ought not to give more trouble than you can help."

Fanny's mamma said the nurse was quite







*FANNY & MARY AT BREAKFAST.*

right; so the little girl's hair was left rough, and her face dirty, all that day. Her cousins came to see her, but she was not fit to appear; so she was forced to sit quite alone in a cold room, from whence she could hear the merry voices and laughs of the children in the drawing-room, but could not find out what they were playing at; and she was so mortified by the disgrace of this day, that she never behaved ill at dressing-time afterwards.

Fanny and Mary had many nice playthings: they had carts, and dolls, and balls, and baskets; and they had a pretty tortoise-shell cat, who was very good-natured, and allowed them to stroke her and play with her; but when Mary tried to take hold of the cat's tail, poor puss was hurt, so she turned round and scratched her hand. Mary cried a little, but her mamma kissed her

to make her well, and then she left off crying, and said she would take care not to hurt the cat any more.

Sometimes Mary used to cry for nothing ; but her mamma did not kiss her then, for she wished to cure her of this foolish trick. Mary would fret and whine, and look so sad, that at first her mamma thought she was ill ; but she said, " Has any one hurt you, Mary ? " and Mary answered, " No, Mamma. "—Then she said, " Have you hurt yourself, Mary ? " and the child answered, " No. "—" Then why do you fret ? " asked her mamma ; and Mary replied, " I do not know. "—So her mamma told her, that if she cried in that way, without knowing what it was for, she must give her something to cry for, and she must give her a good whipping to cry for. The little girl thought she should not like this, and as she knew her mamma would do as she said, Mary





*MARY PULLING THE CATS TAIL.*

tried to leave off her bad trick, and grew so good and gay, that all her friends loved her much better than they could do when she used to fret and pine all the day long.

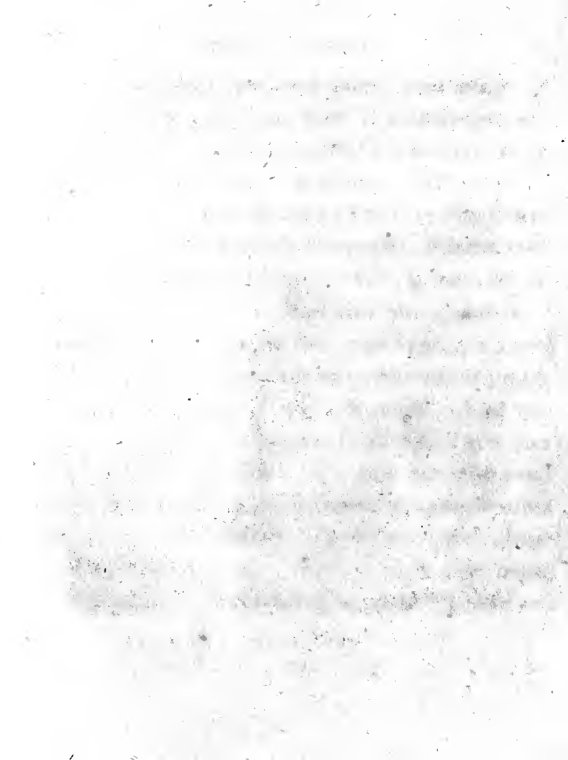
Fanny was old enough to learn to read, but Mary could only learn her letters. Fanny used to bring her spelling-book to her mamma every day, to say her lesson; and she would not play nor look round while she was saying it, but took such great pains, that her mamma thought she would be able to read quite well when she was five years old; and she promised to give her a prayer-book, and take her to church to read in it. When the lesson was over, their mamma read them some pretty story or fable, out of the spelling-book, and Mary sat on her lap to listen, for she could understand stories as well as Fanny.

Sometimes, after the lesson was finished, the children had a little basket filled with corn, and they went to feed the chickens. They threw the corn on the ground, and the hen and chickens were quite glad to pick it up; but one of the chickens was a greedy little fellow, and he drove the rest away, that he might eat it all up himself.

Fanny took him on her lap till the rest had done eating; but the old hen thought she was going to hurt him, so she flew at her and pecked her arm. Then Fanny put the chicken down, and only threw the corn as far as she could from him, by which means all the rest had their shares; and when they grew very tame, and would eat out of her hand, she took them sugar and bread crumbs; but she gave none to the greedy bird, because nobody likes greediness, even in a chicken.

Fanny and Mary had a good-natured nurse,







*MARY FEEDING THE CHICKENS.*

who used to take them pretty walks in the fields; and when the sun shone, and the fields were full of flowers, she let them gather daisies, and cowslips, and primroses, to make nosegays of.

Nurse carried Mary part of the way, and when her arms ached, she said, "Now, Miss Mary, you must get down and walk." Then Mary got down and walked, like a good child, as long as she could. When she was tired, she did not fret; but she said, "Nurse, I wish you would take me up, and carry me the rest of the walk." And her nurse said, "Yes, my dear, I will with pleasure; for I like to do all you wish, when you are good and do as I bid you." So she took her up and carried her, till they met an old man with an ass. The ass had a great sack on one side of him; and Fanny said, "I should like to know what the old man has in that bag."

Nurse told her she might go and ask him. Then Fanny went up to the old man, and said: "How do you do, old man? Pray will you tell me what you have in that bag?—The old man answered, "I have apples for good girls, my dear."

"Am I a good girl, nurse?" said Fanny; and nurse replied, "Yes; you have been quite good to-day."—Then the old man said, "If that is the case, my dear, you shall have the best apple in my sack; and your little sister shall have a ride on my donkey."—Then he untied the sack, and gave Fanny a fine rosy apple, after which he lifted Mary up to ride, and nurse held her on. They thanked the kind old man, and when they got home, their mamma pared the apple, and Fanny made a feast with it. She gave some to her mamma, and some to nurse, and some to Mary; for she would not behave like the greedy chicken, and try to eat it all up by herself.





*FANNY GATHERING OF FLOWERS.*

When they did not walk with nurse, they went into the garden, and Fanny had a little basket to put flowers in. She was allowed to gather pinks and honeysuckles for her mamma, and she took care to pluck them with long stalks, that they might make a nice nosegay; but she was not permitted to gather roses, for fear the thorns should run into her fingers.

Their papa was so kind as to put up a swing for them in the garden: it was fastened to the branch of a large tree; and while Fanny ran about and made nosegays, her mamma lifted Mary into the swing, and pushed it for her, till she went up quite high in the air.

When dinner was ready, nurse called the children, and put on their pinafores: they sat up close to the table, and Fanny said grace, while little Mary held her hands together.

Once, when Fanny did not like her dinner, and nurse said she ought to be thankful for it, she said, "No, indeed, I shall not be thankful for such nasty scraps." But her mamma took her to the window, where she saw a poor little hungry child begging, and she opened the window, and gave all the dinner which Fanny had left, to the poor child, who seemed so glad to eat it, that Fanny was ashamed of having been dainty enough to refuse what another was so thankful for; and after this day, she always said the grace which her mamma taught her: it was this, "Lord, relieve the wants of others, and give us grateful hearts."

When they had been very good, they went in their little chaise to see their grand-papa. They did not push or squeeze each other, but they sat still, and sung for joy all the way, while nurse drew them along till they reached grand-papa's





*FANNY & MARY RIDING.*

*Plate 10.*

*to follow Plate 9.*



*FANNY & MARY AT DINNER.*

door. Then she knocked at the door, and untied the handkerchief with which little Mary was fastened in, and lifted them both out of the chaise.

When they got into the house, Fanny led little Mary into grand-papa's study very carefully. He was very kind and glad to see them. He showed them some pictures, and explained what the pictures meant. Then he told them a little tale, and stroked their heads, and kissed their cheeks; after which nurse put them into their chaise, and took them home again.

When they had played a great deal during the day, these little girls were sometimes so tired at night, that Fanny asked her nurse not to wash her, and begged her mamma to pray *for* her, that she might go to sleep the sooner, and not stop to say her prayers, or to be made clean.

But she was cured of these lazy ways by a

poor little chimney-sweeper; for one day nurse called her up very early, that she might see a boy who was going to sweep the drawing-room chimney. His face looked very black, and so did his clothes; but Fanny was not so silly as to mind that, for she knew it was only because the soot stuck to him.

After he had swept the chimney, and put the soot into a bag, nurse asked him whether he ever washed himself.

“Yes,” said the little boy, “I wash myself in the Thames every Sunday morning; when I have soap; and then I am able to play with any body.”

“And where do you get the soap,” asked the nurse.

“I save all the halfpence that are given me,” answered the boy, “and buy soap with them, for my master does not find us any.”





FANNY LEADING MARY TO GRANDPAPA.

“ I hope,” said nurse, “ that when you are clean on Sundays, you go to church.”

“ Yes,” replied the boy, “ I always go when I can; but when I cannot get any soap, my master will not let me show myself, and I am obliged to sit in a loft all day long, and see nobody.”

Then nurse went to fetch him a piece of soap, and the poor boy was very thankful for it, and said it would do for two Sundays.

“ You know,” said nurse, “ that you can always say your prayers, even if you cannot always go to church; and God will hear your prayers in the loft, though nobody else may be near to care for you.”

“ Yes,” answered the chimney-sweeper, “ I know that, and I always say my prayers every night before I go to sleep, if I am ever so tired; for I have neither father nor mother; and if God

did not take care of me, I do not know who would."

"God takes care of every body," said the nurse; "for those who have the greatest number of friends cannot do without his care; and I have no doubt he will provide for you, since you pray to him, and trust in him."

Then she gave the chimney-sweeper two-pence, and a great piece of bread and cheese for his breakfast, which he eat up in a minute, for he was very hungry; and he thanked her and went away.

Fanny repeated what she had heard to her mamma, who said, "I hope, Fanny, I shall never see you too idle to be washed or to say your prayers, when you have nothing but play to tire you, after what you learnt from this poor little chimney-sweeper, who works hard all day, and has nobody to teach him what is right;



and you find that he loves to make himself clean, and that he prays to God every day."

Fanny promised to remember this boy's example in future, and her mamma told her, that if she kept this promise, she would enquire about the boy, and give him some money and some clothes.

The boy's master was sent for, and he said that he had not a better boy in his service ; but he was poor himself, and could not afford to do much for him. Then Fanny's papa was so good as to buy a suit of clothes for the boy to wear on Sundays, and her mamma made him two shirts, which Fanny hemmed the skirts of, as well as ever she could.

She saved all her money to buy soap for the poor boy, instead of spending it in wax dolls, which would have been broken directly ; and when the shirts were finished, they sent for the

boy again, and Fanny had the pleasure of giving him the clothes and the soap herself. He was so glad, that he could hardly speak ; but he told her that he would pray for her as long as he lived.

“Then,” said Fanny, “I hope you will pray that I may be as good a child as you are ; for though mamma loves me best, I am sure God loves you best, because you love to pray to him, and to do what is right ; but I shall try to be as good as you are for the time to come.

After their papa and mamma had done dinner, nurse used to put on the little girls' clean frocks, and Mary's cap, and take them into the parlour to dessert. There they had oranges and biscuits given to them, and then little Mary sat on her papa's knee, to look at his watch and to hear it tick.

Fanny climbed up to see it too, and papa was



*EMMY & MARY LOOKING AT PAUL'S WATCH.*



so good as to open it, that they might see the inside, and the little wheels which turn round and make the hands move; but he told them that they must not touch it, for fear they should break the wheels, or put them out of their places.

Once Fanny was ill, and she could not eat fruit or drink wine; she felt a great pain in her head, and she sat down on the carpet, and laid her head on her mamma's lap. Then her mamma said, "My love, if you are not well, you shall lie down, and we will send for a doctor." So her good mamma carried her up stairs, and put her in bed.

When the doctor came, he said, "This little girl has a fever, and we must keep her in bed, and send her some draughts to make her well."

The draughts were sour and salt, and poor Fanny did not like the taste of them at all; but

her mamma bade her take them for her sake: so she drank them up without leaving a single drop at the bottom of the glass, that she might please her dear mamma.

When the pain in her head was very bad, she did not grow cross with it, or fret, for that would have made her worse; but she said, "I thank you, nurse," when her nurse shook up the pillow for her; and she bore the pain so well, that all her friends loved her, and did what they could to please and amuse her.

Her mamma gave her some nice grapes to put the taste of the physic out of her mouth, and her papa bought a new book full of stories, and sat down by the bed-side to read them aloud. The doctor took care to put every thing into the draughts which he thought would make her well the soonest, and Fanny lay still and was so patient, that in a short time her head grew better, and he said she might get up.



MARY ASKING FOR FANNY'S DOLL.





She was grown so weak, that at first she could not walk ; but her mamma took her for a nice ride in a carriage, and the sweet fresh air gave her strength ; so that she could soon run races with her sister, and play, and jump, and laugh, as she used to do.

Then her grandpapa sent her a doll, because he heard she had been very good during her illness. She danced about with it, and when little Mary asked to have it, Fanny said, " I want it myself ; but I am four years old, and Mary is a little baby, so I must be kind to her, and indulge her."

Then she let Mary play with the doll, and her mamma kissed her, and called her a dear good child.

One day, after she was well, she said to her mother, " Mamma, I wish I could do something for you, because I love you so dearly."

“How do you mean, Fanny?” asked her mamma.

“Why, mamma, the servants can wait upon you, and the dog can take care of you, and the horses can draw a carriage for you; but I am not strong enough to do any of these things. I can only give you trouble, and yet I love you better than any of them.”

“My dear Fanny,” said her mamma, “you can give me more pleasure than any of them do, by trying to be a good girl, and to correct your faults.”

“Yes; but, mamma,” said Fanny, “it is only for my good that you wish me to behave well. Now I want to do something for your good; but even if you were ill, I suppose I should not be allowed to sit by you and watch you, as you did in my illness, because they would not let

*Plate 8.*



*MARY SWINGING.*



Mary come to see me, and papa said, that children must not be in sick rooms."

"My dear," answered her mother, "when you are grown up, and I am an old woman, you can be very useful to me in many things, if you acquire habits of activity and obedience now you are young. And even now there are some things in which you may be useful, if you will attend to them. You can help me to educate your sister, by setting her a good example; and you can leave the servants at leisure to work for, and assist me, by not hindering them without occasion. You can save my money by not tearing your clothes, and you can spare my time by learning your lessons well; above all, you can do me good, and gladden my heart, by behaving amiably to every one about you."

"Indeed, then, I will try to do all this," said

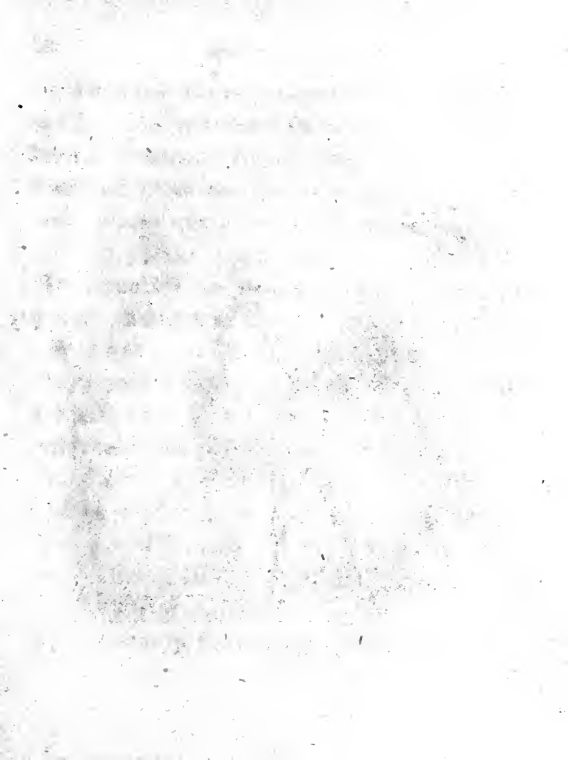
Fanny; and her mamma told her she recollected having read a little fable, which would explain what she meant very clearly: so she repeated it as follows.

### FABLE.

There was once in a gentleman's house a very young spaniel, who eat out of his master's hand, and was always receiving favours and caresses from all the family: she was a gentle, good-humoured little animal, and every body loved her, till one day she grew very sorrowful, and went to her mother to tell what had grieved her. "Mother," said she, "I am vexed because I cannot do any thing to return the kindness of our good master: you are able to catch hares for his dinner, and Tiger, the house-dog, can drive thieves away from his goods. The cat



*MARY RIDING ON THE ASS.*





can catch rats and mice if they eat up his stores, but I can do nothing to serve him. I am not even so good as a pig; for if I were to die, I should be of no use to him, to make bacon or pork of."—Then the poor little puppy held down her head and sighed.

But her wise old mother answered: "My dear child, you should not grieve about what it is not in your power to perform. True, you cannot serve your master in the same way as a mastiff, a cat, or a pig; but it is your duty to do all you can for his service and pleasure. You see that he is amused by your little gambols, and therefore you should be gay and cheerful, that you may continue to entertain him; and, depend upon it, if you do your best on all occasions, you will be able to show your love and attachment to our master, though you are but a little puppy."

Then the little dog shook her ears, and ran back to the parlour, where she began to jump and frisk about, to amuse the children ; and she suffered them to play with her, and to dress her up and nurse her, because she thought she should please her master by indulging them. She watched his eye, to see if he wanted his glove picked up, or any thing done which she could execute. If he bade her lie still, she always kept quiet, and neither barked nor jumped to disturb him ; and she always ran by his side, when he walked or rode out, to see if she could be of any use to him.

One day the gentleman rode a new horse which was vicious, and the horse tried to kick little Fida. Her master said, "Run on, Fida," and she ran on, but looked back to see what the horse was doing ; and she saw him running

*Plate 4.*



*FANNY SAYING HER LESSON.*



away at full speed, while the gentleman was lying on the ground, thrown off, and his leg broken. Fida ran up to him, and began to whine and to lick his hand; but he said, "Home, Fida, home!" and the little dog understood what he meant; so she ran home very fast, and pulled two of the men-servants towards the door by their coats, to make them go to their master. They said, "Something is the matter, or this dog would not pull us so: we must go with her and see." So she ran before, and they followed her till they found their master lying on the ground. Then they carried him home, and fetched a surgeon to cure him; but when the gentleman got well, he told every body that little Fida had saved his life, by bringing people to help him, and he loved little Fida as long as he lived.

When Fanny was well enough to sleep again in the nursery, she resolved never to hide herself behind the window curtains when nurse came to fetch her and her sister, nor to play any tricks that might give her mamma and the servants trouble; but she wished her papa and mamma good night at once, and went up stairs with her nurse directly.

Little Mary used to cry sometimes at going to bed; but when she saw how good Fanny was, she left off crying, and went like a good girl: so Fanny was of great use, in setting a right example to her little sister.

She could take off her own shoes and stockings, while nurse undressed Mary: and then Fanny knelt down and said her prayers, and thanked God for having made her well, and prayed to Him to make her a good child, that



*FANNY UNDRESSING HERSELF.*





she might be a comfort to the dear parents who had done so much for her.

After this, nurse put on their night-gowns and night-caps, and put them in bed: then the little girls laid their heads on their pillows, and went to sleep.

THE END.

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